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story was current, that an heir apparent had been murdered by an uncle, that he might possess the estate. This wicked man, however, after enjoying it for a time was so annoyed by the sounds in the castle, that he retired with an uneasy conscience from the domain, and died in France. Not many years ago, the property descended to a branch of the female line (one of the heroes of Waterloo) who, nothing daunted, was determined to make this castle his place of residence. As the noises were a subject of real terror to his tenantry, he formed the resolution of sleeping in the castle on the night he took possession, in order to do away those superstitious fears. Not a habitable room could be found except one occupied by an old gardener and his wife in the western turret, and he ordered his camp-bed to be set up in that apartment. It was in the autumn at nightfall, that he repaired to the gloomy abode, leaving his servant at the village inn, and dismissing the antiquated pair to take lodgings at a farm hard by. It was one of those nights which are checkered with occasional gleams of moonshine and darkness, when the clouds are riding in a high wind. He slept well for the two first hours, and was then awakened by a low mournful sound that ran through the apartments. This warned him to be up and accoutred. He descended the turret stairs with a brilliant light, which, on coming to the ground-floor, cast a gigantic shadow of himself on the high embattled walls. Here he stood and listened, when presently a hollow moan ran through the corridor, and died away. This was followed by one of a higher key, a sort of scream, which directed his footsteps with more certainty to the spot. Pursuing the sound, he found himself in the hall of his ancestors, and, vaulting upon the large oaken table, set down his lamp, and, folding his cloak about him, determined to wait for the appearance of all that was terrible. The night which had been stormy, became suddenly still, the dark flitting clouds had sunk below the horizon, and the moon insinuated her silvery light through the chinks of the mouldering pile. As our hero had spent the morning in the chase, Morpheus came unbidden, and he fell asleep upon the table. His dream was short; for close upon him issued forth the horrid groan; amazed, he started up, and sprang at the unseen voice, fixing, with a powerful blow, his Toledo steel in the arras. The blade was fast, and held him to the spot. At this moment, the moon shot a ray that illumed the hall, and showed, that, behind the waving folds, there lay the cause concealed. His sword he left, and to the turret retraced his steps. When morning came, a welcome crowd, greeting, asked if he had met the ghost? 'O, yes; replied the knight, 'dead as a door-nail, behind the screen he lies, where my sword has pinned him fast: bring the wrenching-bar, and we'll haul the disturber out.' With such a leader, and broad day to boot, the valiant throng tore down the screen, where the sword was fixed, when lo! in a recess, lay the fragments of a chapel organ, and the square wooden trunks, made for hallowed sounds, were used as props to stay the work when the hall was coated round with oak. The wondering clowns now laughed aloud at the mysterious voice. It was the northern blast that found its way through the cranies of the wall to the groaning pipes that alarmed the country round for a century."—*Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*.

SONNET.

There is no remedy for time mispent,
 No healing for the waste of idleness,
 Whose very languor is a punishment—
 Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.
 Oh! hours of indolence and discontent,
 Not now to be redeemed! ye sting not less,
 Because I know this span of life was lent—
 For lofty duties, not for selfishness.
 Not to be whiled away in aimless dreams,
 But to improve ourselves and serve mankind,
 Life and its choicest faculties were given.
 Man should be ever better than he seems—
 And shape his acts, and discipline his mind
 To walk adorning earth, deserving heaven.

A. de V—.

NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

No. I.

EDMUND BURKE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

SIR,—In one of the early numbers of your Journal, an appeal was made to our countrymen for their support, on the ground of its being essentially an Irish publication. It appears to me, that the more decisively this principle is acted on, and carried into effect, the better entitled you will be to claim that support and patronage. Independently of this, your readers in England and elsewhere, will know they have before them a work especially devoted to the publication of matters relating to this country. In fact, I would have the Dublin Penny Journal peculiarly and exclusively Irish. I would have, as well the bodily substance of the work national as I would require it to be an essential requisite in every article to be admitted to its pages, that it should treat of some subject connected with Ireland, or, at the least, of some one that should be *practically* useful to such of our countrymen here at home, as are compelled by restricted finances to seek information from a cheap source, for whom, if I do not err, this little work is chiefly intended. To use the words, or at least the sentiment of a talented and patriotic countryman, a principle of evil has been in force in this country, for a series of years, against the encouragement or patronage of every thing of home production, and nothing short of a strong counteracting principle can overcome it.

The best way to overcome this principle is, in my opinion, to try and enlist Irishmen at home in the cause of Irish production, and even as a beginning to go so low as a Penny Journal. It is better to rise than to fall; and if you can enlist their feelings, their exertions, and even their prejudices in your favour, you will render your country a real benefit, and convey to every part of our isle the blessings of intelligence.

It appears to me, that there is one class of subjects which as yet you have scarcely touched on; one that I should think peculiarly desirable, as furnishing strong and practical lessons of sound wisdom and morality; I mean the biography of celebrated men, of whom Ireland boasts to have given not a few to the world. If it were necessary to support my general proposition of the utility of biography we have the authority of Dr. Johnson in asserting, that "no study can be more delightful or more useful, none can more certainly enchain the heart by irresistible interest or more widely diffuse instruction to every diversity of condition."

I anticipate not a few objections, and some of them solid ones too, which may be offered to your giving sketches of the lives of eminent Irishmen: I shall not, however, go into them, for many reasons, one, a sufficient one, is, that it would take up too much time and space: suffice it to say, that the following outline of the life of Edmund Burke, which I send to you for your Journal, will, I should hope, be found free from all objections, that at present occur to me. That the life of this great man furnishes a powerful moral lesson cannot be denied. Gifted as he was with rare talents and a mind of amazing capacity, such as rarely fall to the lot of any of the human race; eminently successful in life, according to human notions of success, having raised himself by his own sole and unaided efforts to a loftier eminence than the most sanguine hopes of his early ambition could have looked forward, of an amiable turn of mind, and still more, in no small degree if we can credit the relation of his biographers, impressed with a deep sense of religion, he yet appears to have closed his career in this world an unhappy man, having discovered too late that he had wasted the energies of his mighty mind in the pursuit of worthless and illusory shadows. The following is but a meagre sketch of the life of a man, in private life, amiable and benevolent, in public, indefatigable, ardent, and abhorrent of injustice. He justly ranks as an orator with the first of modern times; and as a writer, whether we consider the splendour of his diction, the richness and variety of his imagery, or the boundless stores of knowledge which he displays, it must be confessed that there are few who equal, and none who transcend him.